neuer after eare ſo barren a land, for feare it yeeld me ſtill ſo bad a harueſt, I leaue it to your Honourable ſuruey, and your Honour to your hearts content, which I wiſh may alwayes anſwer your owne wiſh, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakeſpeare.

VE-

VENVS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the ſunne with purple-colourd face,
Had tane his laſt leaue of the weeping morne,
Roſe-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to ſcorne,
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac't ſuter ginnes to woo him.

Thriſe fairer then my ſelfe, (thus ſhe began)
The fields chiefe flower, ſweete aboue compare,
Staine to all Nimphs, more louely then a man,
More white, and red, then doues, or roſes are:
Nature that made thee with her ſelfe at ſtrife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchſafe thou wonder to alight thy ſteed,
And raine his proud head to the ſaddle bow:
If thou wilt daine this fauour, for thy meed
A thouſand honie ſecrets ſhalt thou know:
Here come and ſit, where neuer ſerpent hiſſes,
And being ſet, Ile ſmother thee with kiſſes.